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All kinds Job Printing neatly executed.

"I come, the Herald of a noisy world, the news of all nations lumbering at my back."

Subscription \$1 per Year, in advance

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HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1898.

NO. 1

FOR ALL WOMEN

Nine-tenths of all the pain and discomfort from which women suffer is caused by weakness or derangement in the organs of menstruation. Nearly always when a woman is not well these organs are affected. But when they are strong and healthy a woman is very seldom sick.

Wine of Cardui

Is nature's provision for the regulation of the menstrual function. It cures all "female troubles." It is equally effective for the girl in her teens, the young wife with domestic and maternal cares, and the woman approaching the period known as the "Change of Life." They all need it. They are all benefited by it.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address: Felix, Williams & Co., 121 E. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. Catalogue free.

THOS. L. COOPER, Toledo, Ohio, says: "My sister suffered from very irregular menstruation and doctors could not relieve her. Wine of Cardui entirely cured her and also helped my mother through the Change of Life."

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Will practice in the Courts of Ohio county and Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to our care. Office in Herald building.

MONEY made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outlets to J. W. Dorman Co., 121 E. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. Catalogue free.

WANTED-TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Kentucky. Monthly \$5.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. None self-addressed stamped envelope. The Domestic Company, Dept. A, Chicago

A CIVIL WAR ROMANCE.

TRUE STORY OF THE VICISSITUDES OF A MARSHALL COUNTY MAN.

The Smiles of a Beautiful Widow Enticed Him from the Path of Duty.

The Deserted Wife Waited and Prayed and Finally Died, Unconscious of the Wrong Played Upon Her.

TOLD BY ONE KNOWING THE FACT.

BENTON, Ky., Dec. 30.—In the eastern part of this county there lived, at the beginning of the war, a large family of people of the same name, but because of the fact that there are so many of them now living, some of whom, at least, would not like to see the name of the hero of this little romance in print, I leave it out. But suffice it to say, that he was born and raised in the county until he was about twenty years old, when he was married to a young lady of high respectability. This took place about eight years before the life and drum were heard calling for men to enter the Confederate army. They were seemingly happy and to all intents and purposes were content with their lot. Six children were born to them and around their fireside the little fellows seemed like stair-steps, one just above the other. This little family was not aware of the change that would soon take place, a part of which would remain a mystery forever. They lived in the backwoods and never knew or heard of anything except what a friend or neighbor would tell them, for there was no such thing as a newspaper in this family. But for all this, they loved each other—wife, husband and children.

Mutterings of war began to be heard and talked among the people, more especially among the men. War at that time was a new thing and was only remembered as so much history, yet it began to be constantly talked of and the Yankees were trying to rob and destroy the people and the property of the South, and rather than tolerate such a policy, the people who sympathized with the Southern side of the question were ready to go to war and risk their lives upon the battlefield in defense of what they conceived to be their rights. While all this was going on, the subject of this article was carefully studying the situation, in order to determine in his own mind what he should do when the call was made for men to volunteer their services and join the army. He loved his wife and children and thought how cruel and wicked it would be for him to leave them to provide for themselves, for they were, indeed, very poor, but down deep in his heart was a very large spark of romance, which when kindled into a flame, might cause him to do strange things. On the other hand, he looked at his lot and decided that he was not able to take care of his wife and six children and keep the wolf of hunger away from the door, and in order to shift the responsibility and have an excuse to leave them, he purposely left patriotism come between him and his innocent family, and enlisted in the Confederate army.

It was a sad sight when the time came for him to take leave of his young wife and children and bid them an indefinite farewell, to enter an army fraught with so many dangers. But after hugging and kissing each of them in the most affectionate manner, he took his departure with his company for the regular army, where nothing but danger, exposure and hardship awaited him.

He obeyed his superiors and made a brave and gallant soldier. He never murmured at the hardships he was forced to undergo while in camp, on the march, or in the thickest of battle. He was in many fierce engagements, but in none did he wish for the presence of his wife so much as while he had the measles at Bowling Green, Ky.

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UNCLE SAM'S KITCHEN.

THE NATIONAL COOKING PLACE AT WASHINGTON.

The Mammoth Ranges are Large Enough to Accommodate an Occasional Dinner Party.

THIRTY COOKS RUN THE KITCHEN.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—Uncle Sam owns the costliest kitchen in the world, probably. It is not the largest. There is at least one hotel kitchen in the United States which surpasses it in size. But it is fitted out with every improvement that money can buy, and no showing-place at the Capital is more interesting or less known. The public never gets a chance to see the Senate kitchen, the marble bath rooms of the house, or any of the other luxuries provided for the members of Congress.

The Senate restaurant keeper occupies a peculiar position. It looks at first glance like a very enviable position; but if I am to believe the statement of the man who has held the privilege for a dozen years, that idea is incorrect. T. L. Page, of Maine, has been the purveyor to the Senate under both Republican and Democratic rule, and he tells me the job is not profitable—this, in the fact of the fact that he pays no rent for his kitchen or his dining room, and gets his light and fuel free. I don't know how Mr. Page figures it out, but he says his books will prove it.

The Senate kitchen is in the basement of the Capitol. The only way in which a visitor could reach them would be by the elevators—and the elevator men are not encouraged to take people down stairs. That is because the engine rooms are in the basement and the chief engineer does not want visitors fooling around the machinery. It takes a great deal of machinery to run the Senate—more than you would think. Much of it is used in running the electric light plant and the elevators, and much more in the ventilation of the building. Huge fans pump fresh air into the Senate chamber and the committee rooms, and other fans pump the foul air out. One of these is in the Senate kitchen, and the room is so perfectly ventilated that no suggestion of the odor of the cooking reaches any of the floors above.

The main room of the kitchen is 100 feet long and 15 feet wide. It was remodelled three years ago at a cost of more than \$50,000. It is white-tiled, above and below, and on all four sides, so that its cleanliness forces itself on your attention. Opening out from it are store-rooms and refrigerating rooms and bakeries. One of these is the oyster room, where a man does nothing but open oysters all day long. The store-room is about 50 feet square. It is filled with the non-perishables—crackers, and spices and potatoes, and all the other grocery goods which will stand an ordinary temperature for a reasonable length of time. There is fruit in this room, too—a lot of it, and the wine is kept there, because the Senators would not establish a wine-room in the face of the regulation which prohibits the sale of intoxicating beverages in the Capitol. There is no difficulty, however, about getting a supply of wine or bottled beer.

In the kitchen proper there are two big ranges. You could roast an ox in either of them, and the larger is 13 feet long. There is a big soup kettle in one corner—one of the biggest kettles in the world—used for keeping the beef-stock, with which every restaurant kitchen is provided. Metal steam pipes run through this kettle and keep the stock warm. In another kettle are kept the sauces to be eaten with meats—apple sauce and cranberry sauce. They, too, are kept warm by steam. There is a steam box for steaming oysters; a grill big enough to broil a pig or lamb, under which flows a fire of red-hot charcoal; and a patent turkey roaster, which performs mechanically the turning and basting of the bird, which, in the old days, absorbed the time and attention of two or three persons. There are steam tables in the kitchen, as well as in the steam room. It takes thirty servants run the kitchen and its appurtenances. The head cook has a half-dozen assistants. There are two pastry cooks, and the rare quality of their product is due in a large measure to the supervision of Mrs. Page, a New England woman, whose ideas of pie are exalted, if one may judge by the results of her cooking.

When you are suffering from Catarrh or Cold in the head, you want relief right away. Only 10 cents is required to test it. Ask your druggist for the trial size of Ely's Cream Balm or buy the 50c size. We mail it. ELY BROS., 36 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I was afflicted with catarrh last autumn. During the month of October I could neither eat nor sleep and my head ached but little. Ely's Cream Balm cured it.—Marcus Geo. Shantz, Rahway, N. J.

YES, 'tis true: Foley's Honey and Tar Is the Best Cough Medicine, BROWN & CHAPMAN, Corner W. & J. H. WILLIAMS, Hartford, Conn.

Clarified Apples. [January Ladies' Home Journal.] Pare and core the desired quantity of small, rather sweet apples; weigh and add one pound allow a pound of sugar. Put the sugar, with just a little water, over the fire; boil and skim; add the grated yellow rind of a lemon, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice to each two pounds of sugar. Put the apples into the hot syrup; allow them to stand over the back part until they are perfectly tender and transparent. Drain; dust with granulated sugar, and dry either in the oven or sun.

THE DEACON'S SERMON. [Sunny South.] "Dar was a rich man, name Degrees, en likewise a ro' man, name Latherus. Well, Latherus come 'long 'bout Chris'mus, en bein' all stove up wid de rheumatism, en threaten wid de small-pox, he set down da to see 'himsel' 'longside de rich man's gate; en Latherus, bein' hungry, holler out: 'Chris'mus giff 'em! But de rich man tell him: 'Go 'way fum heah, man! I aint got no good as a crumb for you!' En den de dogs come out and chase him off. But, see de prevention er providence! De rich man over-eat 'himsel' en wake, up den day done dawn, en holler den de sun in August. En he look 'round de sun: 'Whar is I? En de devil answer:

SECRETARY GAGE RESIGNS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Secretary Gage this morning surprised the President and nearly everybody else by handing in his resignation as Secretary of the Treasury.

Accompanying the document was an explanation that he did not wish to embarrass the President by continuing in office and holding views on the financial question not in consonance with those of his chief.

President McKinley promptly refused to accept the resignation and at the same time assured the Secretary of his strong confidence in him and his hearty co-operation in the financial reforms proposed by him.

LATER.—The Secretary's resignation had a string to it and he has reconsidered same.

Fought Desperately.

MINTER CITY, Miss., Dec. 30.—Joseph Hopkins, the negro who murdered two white farmers on Christmas day at Glendora, a small inland town near this place, was captured by a posse at daylight this morning on the James plantation, near Swan Lake. Hopkins was concealed in a ginhouse, but was discovered by two negroes, who gave the alarm. Hopkins fought like a demon before being taken into custody, and when arrested it was found the negro had been shot in three places during the melee. He was not fatally injured, however, and was at once taken to the scene of his terrible crime. Hopkins confessed his guilt, and did not plead for mercy, but begged his captors to make quick work of him, and little time was lost in carrying out the request. A rope was placed about the negro's neck and he was hanged to a limb of a tree. The body was then riddled with bullets and left hanging. Hopkins' record is a very bad one, many recent crimes being attributed to him.

A COOL SUICIDE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—John Bergmann last night hanged a policeman Third Avenue with "Here, copper, take this corpse to the morgue," and sent a bullet through his own brain, falling dead at the officer's feet. He is said to have been formerly a wealthy resident of Chicago. It is said that Bergmann lost his money in speculation on the Board of Trade of Chicago, after which he came East. He took to drink, and in spite of the aid which relatives extended him, reached the depths of poverty. In his room was found the following:

"Give my body to some college or hospital, so it will be of some use. It was not while it was alive. No work, all kinds of trouble and grief; this is too much."

Prosperity comes quickest to the man whose liver is in good condition. De Witt's Little Early Risers are famous little pills for constipation, biliousness, indigestion and all stomach and liver troubles.

For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford.

Power of Speech Restored.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—By patiently teaching the use of the lips for utterance, Dr. Willis D. Storor, a staff physician at Angell Hospital, has restored the power of speech to Maggie E. Lauf. Three years ago Miss Lauf's nervous system was shattered by a stroke of lightning. Since that time and up to about six weeks ago the young lady had been unable to utter a sound.

Dr. Storor trained Miss Lauf to use her lips as if a child, and after about two weeks of lessons the young lady suddenly regained her voice, and with constant practice has now entirely recovered the use of it. Dr. Storor is a native of Madison, Wis. He has been most widely known hereabouts through his work at Mercy Hospital, Chicago, the Maurice Porter Memorial Hospital and the Daily News Sanitarium for sick babies.

It is easy to catch a cold and just as easy to get rid of it if you commence early to use One Minute Cough Cure. It cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and all throat and lung troubles. It is pleasant to take, safe to use and sure to cure.

For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford.

Rocky Road of True Love.

The romance of Bertha Vandergarden and George Maple is engrossing the attention of the people about Shelbyville, Ind. George loves Bertha and she loves him; but because her parents do not like George, she will not marry him. When she refused him, he shot himself at the door of his sweetheart's home. He was dangerously wounded, but she nursed him back to health. The parents did not relent, however, and George still loved madly. His passion got the better of him at ohn's recent, and as Bertha was leaving with her parents, he grasped her by the arm and demanded that she accompany him. She screamed, and it required the aid of the entire congregation to quiet George. Now every one is waiting for what will happen next.

GLORIFY THY NAME.

Father, let me dedicate All this year to Thee, In whatever worldly state Thou wilt have me be: Not from sorrow, pain or care, Freedom burst I claim; This alone shall be my prayer: "Glorify Thy Name."

Can a child presume to choose Where or how to live? Can a Father's love refuse All the best to give? More Thou givest every day, Than the best can claim, Nor withholdst ought that may Glorify Thy Name.

A DOZEN GRINS

For Herald Readers.

WHAT HE MEANT. [Cleveland Leader.] "I'm going home," I'm going home!" The deacon said with all his might; He then went home with Widow Burt, And sat up and bawled and counted her 'Till the blast was streaked with light.

WISH PRECAUTION.

[Chicago Journal.] "Yes, you see her everywhere; but her husband doesn't seem to care for society."

SOCIAL FAUX PAS.

[Puck.] "Next time I'm going out to Beverly's I'm going to take a camptool with me."

MEANS FOR PUNISHMENT.

[Judge.] Willie—That Bobbie Brown is a rock-thrower. Tommy—What's he done? Willie—Gave his mother a pair of slippers for Christmas.

CROWDING THE MOUNTAINS.

[Judge.] Mr. Konseet—Don't you think husband's are terribly aggravating at times? Mrs. Konseet—Oh, very; especially when they ask whom you think you would have married if you hadn't married them.

WELL SUPPLIED.

Tourist—Are there any distinguished citizens here? Resident—Distinguished? Stranger, we've got the two champion checker players of Beeswax county right here in this town!

COULD BE ITS FINISH.

[Puck.] Bride—Counting your change, George? It has been an expensive trip, hasn't it? George—That's right. It looks as if this honeymoon would soon be on its last quarter.

MORE INFORMATION.

[Indianapolis Journal.] Tommy—Paw, what is mistletoe? Mr. Figg—Mistletoe, my son, is an excuse for kissing girls whom there is no other possible excuse for kissing.

A GOOD REASON.

[Puck.] Mrs. Hoon—Some married men never cease to be lovers. Mr. Hennypeck of ten speaks of his wife as the sunshine of his life. Old Hoon—Yes; that's because she makes it so hot for him.

HE DREW THE LINE.

[Puck.] Mrs. Hennypeck (looking up from her reading)—This writer says that widows make the best wives. Mr. Hennypeck—But, really, my dear, you can hardly expect me to die just in order to make a good wife of you.

STRONG, HEALTHY NERVE.

Hubbard—Simkins has got over his nervous prostration. Pease—How can you tell? Hubbard—Why, I met him on the street last night, and he wanted to borrow \$20.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

[Puck.] The Tramp—[Coughs.] After wash, did you say, mum? Have you any Imperial Anti-Alkali Soap? Mrs. Jones—No; I have not. The Tramp—I'm sorry, mum. I've been warned to avoid substitutes.

The progressive ladies of Westfield, Ind., issued a "Woman's Edition" of the Westfield News, bearing date of April 8, 1898. The paper is filled with matter of interest and we notice the following from a correspondent, which the editors printed, realizing that it treats upon a matter of vital importance to their sex: "The best remedy for croup, colds and bronchitis that I have been able to find is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For family use it has no equal. I gladly recommend it." 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford; A. S. Aull, Sulphur Springs; J. X. Taylor, Crosswell, Kentucky.

The French a Curious People.

[Ladies' Home Journal.] The French must be the most curious people on earth. How could even Heaven's ingenuity create a more uncomfortable or bewildering combination? Make up your mind that they are as simple as children

when you see their innocent prinking

along the boulevards and in the parks with their whole families, yet you dare not trust yourself to meet them, they are saying. Believe that they are cynical, and find a stoic, and skeptical of all women when you hear two men talk, and next day you hear that one of them has shot himself on the grave of his sweetheart. Believe that politeness is the ruling characteristic of the country because a man kisses your hand when he takes leave of you. But marry him, and no insult is too low for him to heap upon you. Believe that the French men are sympathetic because they laugh and cry openly at the theatre. But appeal to their chivalry, and they will rescue you from one discomfort only to offer you a worse. The French have gallantry, but not chivalry. They have vanity, but not pride. They have religion, but not morality. They are a combination of the wildest extravagance and the strictest parsimony. They cultivate the ground so close to the railroad tracks that the trains almost run over their roses, and yet they leave a Place de la Concorde in the heart of the city.

Toothsome Mock Terrapin.

[Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in January Ladies' Home Journal.]

This makes an inexpensive and very appetizing dish for a great supper. For twelve persons a pair of ducks and one pound of calf's liver will be required. Clean the ducks, wash the liver, and place them together in a kettle; add two cloves of garlic, one small onion, two stalks of celery, four cloves; cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender. Take out to cool. When cold, cut both into dice. At serving time mash the hard-boiled yolks of six eggs to a smooth paste, adding gradually half a pint of thick cream. Put a quarter of a pound of butter into a saucepan; add a tablespoonful of flour; mix and add the cream and eggs. Stir constantly until it reaches the boiling point; add meat, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, a little white pepper, and just a suspicion of mace.

His Advertising Didn't Pay.

[Charles Austin Blair, New York.] I once knew a haberdasher, who said within his heart that the newspapers didn't pay, and a misguided editor, who sought to set him straight. The haberdasher had a good store, a good clientele, up-to-date goods and \$12.50.

The Editor had a good paper.

The haberdasher took his \$12.50 to the editor, and bargained for a three-inch space for a month—this was a small town—to be run at the top of the column on the best page, surrounded by all reading. The editor ought not to have done this, but he was bound to convert the necktie man.

The editor also wrote the ads, and they were good ads.

Next week a man came through that town selling bright blue enameled signs, of the kind that mark the stations on the elevated roads in New York City. They were beautiful signs.

The salesman knew his business—which was to sell signs—and before he left he had sold the haberdasher \$375 worth of his signs.

The signs were all right. They would be a good thing for Mr. Hood to use in supplementing the other methods with which he makes public the virtues of his justly celebrated sarsaparilla. The trouble was that they were disproportionate for his friend, the haberdasher. It was like the steamboat with the three-foot boiler and the five-foot whistle. When the whistle blew the engine stopped.

At the end of the month the haberdasher stopped his ad in the paper. He said he had spent \$387.50 for advertising that month, and hadn't got enough return to justify it.

A Cure for Lame Back.

"My daughter, when recovering from an attack of fever, was a great sufferer from pain in the back and hips," writes Louisa Grove of Bardonia, Ky. "After using quite a number of remedies without any benefit, she tried one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and it has given entire relief." Chamberlain's Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford; A. S. Aull, Sulphur Springs; J. X. Taylor, Crosswell.

There is a God.

[Cumberland Presbyterian.] Modern thought in its best form starts with the assumption of an infinite and eternal being, but not to proceed further would be to acknowledge that no difference exists between Theism, Pantheism, Agnosticism, and any other possible system of belief that rests on the same assumption. Thinkers of to-day do not ask themselves the question, is there a God? That were almost an insult to the spirit of the age. The problem that waits for solution is, granted the existence of a supreme being, what is his nature, his attributes, how does he manifest himself, what is his relation to man, and to what extent can man apprehend him?

Foley's Honey and Tar

Cough Syrup wherever introduced is considered the most pleasant and effective remedy for all throat and lung complaints. It is the only prominent cough medicine that contains no opiates and that can safely be given to children.

He Loved Truthfulness.

A careless mason dropped a brick from the second story of a building on which he was at work, says an exchange. Landing above the wall and glancing downward, he discovered a respectable citizen with his silk hat jammed over his eyes and ears, rising from a room-

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Two Well Known Statesmen

Talked for months from a front porch and rear end of a car. Perhaps the use of Foley's Honey and Tar will explain why they could do this, without injury to their vocal organs. It is largely used by speakers and singers.

Mrs. Rorer's Way of Stewing Oysters.

[Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the January number of The Ladies' Home Journal.] Drain fifty oysters; put the liquor over the fire, boil and skim it. Strain it through two thicknesses of cheesecloth into a saucepan. Add the oysters, bring to a boil, and skim again; add one pint of milk, six whole pepper corns, half a teaspoonful of whole allspice and a blade of mace. Watch this carefully until it just reaches the boiling point; add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and serve at once with squares of toast or oyster crackers.

Cancer Of the Face.

Mrs. Laura E. Mims, of Dawson, Ga., says: "A small pimple of a strawberry color appeared on my cheek; it soon began to grow rapidly, notwithstanding all efforts to check it. My eye became terribly inflamed, and was so swollen that I could not see. The doctors said I had Cancer of the most malignant type, and after exhausting their efforts without doing me any good, they gave up. When I learned that my father had died from the same disease, they said I must die, as hereditary Cancer was incurable. At this crisis, I was advised to try S.S.S., and in a short while the Cancer began to discharge and continued to do so for three months, then it began to heal. I continued the medicine a while longer until the Cancer disappeared entirely. This was several years ago and there has been no return of the disease."

A Real Blood Remedy.

Cancer is a blood disease, and a real blood remedy will cure it. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to permanently cure Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism or any other disease of the blood. Send for our book on Cancer and Blood Diseases, mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Co. Atlanta, Ga.

Give You 50c. For Those Chills.

You pay this price at any drug store for a bottle of Dr. Bell's Peppermint Chill Tonic

and we take all the Chills you've got. If we don't, you get your money back right where you